

## Cookies to Die For



Kathryn Staublin

There is a skeleton guarding the cookie jar.  
The jar is pumpkin shaped and made of glorious  
Golden-orange porcelain pieces rippling down  
Into a bone-white cavernous cookie-less hole.  
He lives within, wishing to smell the scent of  
Chocolate Chip Chewy Munchables Crunching with age.  
In the middle of the night, he knocks on the porcelain  
Pumpkin, just to hear it sing a sweet lullaby,  
Reminiscing about the sweets gone by— crumbs still  
Linger at the bottom, a dusting of sugar coated delectables  
Just waiting to be replenished by the elves living in the walls.  
The skeleton would consider baking his own delicious delights,  
But until the day his tongue regrows and he can taste again,  
He will guard the cookie jar with his life.